

SOCIETY.

Entertain Church Choir.
The Methodist Episcopal Church at East End was pleasantly entertained Thursday evening by Mrs. George Colburn. There was a large attendance and a most delightful program was rendered as follows: Chorus by the choir a selection by the quartet composed of Mrs. George Colburn, George Shaw, H. D. Shearer, and H. C. Davis; selection by a quartet composed of Miss Edith Livingston, Mrs. O. W. Colburn, H. D. Shearer and H. C. Davis; chorus by choir; duet, H. D. Shearer and Mrs. Colburn; selection by chorus; address, Mr. Hurkett, Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Shearer. The members of the choir are: chorister H. D. Shearer; sopranos, Miss Edith Livingston and Miss Carrie Livingston; alto, Mrs. O. W. Colburn; tenors, H. D. Shearer and Frank Shaw; bass, George Shaw, H. C. Davis, J. E. Arison and Frank Hurkett. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bailey. Since its organization excellent progress has been made by the choir.

Dance at Shady Grove.
The Connellsville, Pa. town, Scotland, Monessen Knights of Columbus will also a dance Wednesday evening at Shady Grove Park.

Preaching at Shady Grove.
Rev. J. W. Brown of Fair Haven, preached a trial sermon Sunday at the Methodist Protestant Church to a large congregation. The committee, Worth Kilpatrick, Dr. G. W. Gallagher and Emory Penn, appointed to look after the selection of a minister to succeed Rev. H. E. Cairns who likely returns to have several other candidates preach trial sermons.

First Presbyterian Meetings.
The session of the First Presbyterian Church will meet Wednesday evening after prayer service and Sunday morning after Sunday school. Those who wish to unite with the church. Preparatory services to communion services will be held Wednesday evening in the Y. M. C. A.

Baptist Meetings.
The Ladies Aid Society of the First Baptist Church will meet Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Edith Goodman and Mrs. Samuel Goodman at Trotter. The members will leave on the 7:15 o'clock street car.

The Juniors.
The Juniors of the church of the junior age, will hold a picnic tomorrow afternoon in the woods in the rear of the Miano in Will's road. The picnicers will meet at the Miano at 2 o'clock.

Marriage Announced.
Mrs. Edith Shupe and Miss Edith Skiff of Edinboro have announced the marriage of their niece Miss Edith Shupe to John Homer Skiff, Edinboro, Pa. The wedding will be held at the home of Mrs. Shupe on an automobile trip. Rev. and Mrs. Edwards, former district superintendent of the Methodist district of the Erie Methodist Episcopal conference officiated and only the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. J. B. Skiff, and Miss Skiff, the bride's aunt, witnessed the ceremony. A well appointed wedding dinner at the Victoria bungalow, eight miles from Chautauque, followed the ceremony. The bride formerly resided here with her parents, Mrs. Shupe and Miss Skiff, and it is well known among the younger social set. Mr. and Mrs. Skiff returned to Edinboro Saturday and for a short time will be at home to their friends at the home of the bridegroom.

Bible Class to Meet.
The Junior Organized Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church will meet this evening at the home of Miss Edith Weir, No. 423 Johnston avenue.

F. O. M. Class to Meet.
The F. O. M. Class of the Methodist Protestant Church will meet Friday evening in the church.

On account of the Chautauque
this week the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society has been postponed until next week.

MILITANT GLORIES IN DEEP.
"Sorry Beauty Bomb Didn't Go Off," She Tells Court.

LONDON, July 13.—When Annie Bell, the militant suffragette, was arraigned today for trying to blow up the famous old church of St. John Evangelist, Westminster, with a bomb, she said "The only thing I regret is that the beauty thing didn't go off."

The prisoner expressed intense pride in her act. She congratulated the woman worshiper who detected her setting fire to the fuse attached to a can of gunpowder and said her smartness was worthy of a better cause. She advised her to become a militant suffragette.

OPENS NEW DEPARTMENT.
Wright-Meteler Company Adds Automobile.

The Wright-Meteler Company on Saturday added a new department to its already large store. Automobile accessories are now being handled, with special attention being given to automobile tires. The department is in charge of E. C. Moore, manager of the clothing department.

The Wright-Meteler Company believes there is a good field here for a concern catering to the needs of automobile owners. There are more cars in town today than ever before, and new ones are steadily being ordered.

Success of a Medicine.
All things succeed which fill a real need. That a doctor is kept busy day and night proves his ability and skill. That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold in enormous quantities in almost every city, town and hamlet in America and in foreign countries as well, proves its merit, and women are found everywhere who tell of health restored by its use.—Ad.

Will Let Supply Contract.
A meeting of the Upper Tyroto township school board will be held Friday evening, July 24, at 7:30 o'clock at the South Keosauqua school house to receive bids for supplies for the school and for furnishing fuel for the next term.

Married in Cumberland.
Ernest R. Miller of Rockwood and Martha Viola Brown of Meyersdale, were married in Cumberland Saturday.

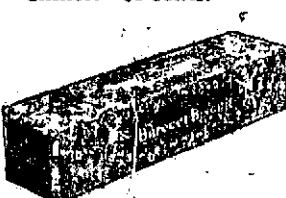
Uneeda Biscuit

Tempt the appetite, please the taste and nourish the body. Crisp, clean and fresh—5 cents in the moisture-proof package.



Baronet Biscuit

Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner. 10 cents.



Zu Zu

Prince of appetizers. Makes daily trips from Ginger-Biscuit Land to waiting mouths everywhere. Say Zu Zu to the gracker man, 5 cents.



Buy biscuits baked by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that name

FAIR DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AS SHE LOOKS TODAY, SNAPPED AT RECENT SUFFRAGIST MEETING AT NEWPORT.



NEWPORT, R. I., July 13.—The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Constance Vanderbilt and daughter of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who is visiting her mother here for the first time in several years, has interestingly related the cause of her suffragist by her address at a meeting of suffragists at Marble House, her mother's handsome home. The fair duchess told of her work for poor working girls of England. She is not a militant. Mrs. Belmont is one of America's ardent suffragists. The meeting was held following a Japanese bazaar, the house which Mrs. Belmont has just completed and which is the only thing of its kind in America.

companied by Miss Katherine Francis, Miss Martha and Miss Henry. Miss Mason will spend several weeks at Chautauque, N. Y.

Mrs. Margaret Musick and Mrs. Millard Longhorne and son, Russell of Irwin, are the guests of Mrs. C. E. Buttermore.

Judge and Mrs. R. E. Umbel of Uniontown, were guests of the latter's parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. White of West Peach street yesterday. They were accompanied home by their daughter, Margaret, who visited her grandparents for several days.

Mrs. W. B. Knolls of Pittsburgh, has returned home after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Joseph Dixon.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, clerk for the Wright-Meteler Company, is taking a week's vacation.

Mrs. Frank Moore and son, Harry, of Morgantown, were the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. William Elmer of West Peach street yesterday. They were accompanied home by Eleanor Tippan of West Peach street.

Mrs. B. T. Williams and daughter, Miss Edith left yesterday for Wheeling, W. Va., to make their future home.

Fred Robbins, manager of the Solon Theatre, is at Atlantic City attending the national convention of the poster advertisers.

Miss Jean Sandies was visiting at the home of relatives in Pittsburgh yesterday.

C. D. Peterson was calling on friends in Pittsburgh yesterday.

Mrs. E. D. Whip returned home last evening after visiting at the home of her parents at Cumberland for a week.

I. E. Shaw was in Pittsburgh yesterday.

Mrs. Walter Aris has returned home from the West. Mrs. Aris had been a patient for the past five weeks. Her condition is much improved. Mrs. Aris was formerly Miss Jessie Galloway of Dover.

Mrs. Della Zimmerman of Greensburg, and the Misses Hurd of Fairmont, were guests of Mrs. Rosa Walter of Morton avenue yesterday.

Misses Virginia and Pauline Vilsack of East End, Pittsburgh, who have been the guests of Miss Angela Stader for the past week, accompanied by their brother, Leo, who was a guest at the Stader home over Sunday, returned home this afternoon.

The Best Medicine in the World.
"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world." writes Mrs. William Orvis, Chate, Mich. For sale by all dealers.—Ad.

Fluently Property Sold.
The property of the late Robert Flannery of Johnston avenue was sold at public auction Saturday afternoon by Charles M. Fee of Uniontown. Guy Corbett bought a house and lot for \$12,240 and Charles Bishop purchased a lot for \$47.50.

Dunbar Township Election.
The Dunbar township school board met Saturday night at the Arlington Hotel and reorganized by electing Isaac Ball treasurer and J. L. Conway secretary.

Dawson Methodists to Picnic.
The annual picnic of the Cochran Memorial Methodist Church at Dawson will be held Thursday, July 23, at the Dawson Driving Park.

Superintendent Peck Here.
General Superintendent E. A. Peck of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad spent several days at the local offices last week.

It Will Pay You.
To read our advertising columns.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Mary McKitterick.
Mrs. Mary McKitterick, 41 years old, died last night at 10:30 o'clock at her home No. 409 Highland avenue, following a lingering illness. A year ago she was taken to the Mercy hospital for treatment, deriving but little benefit from the trip. For the past month she had been confined to her bed. Notice of funeral later.

Mrs. McKitterick was born in Ireland, a daughter of James and Bridget Murphy. At the age of 19 she came to Connellsville and spent virtually all her life here. She was married to David McKitterick who died 10 years ago. The surviving children are Hugh, Anna and David McKitterick at home. A brother Harry Murphy of Massillon and several sisters also survive. She was a member of the Immaculate Conception church, the L. C. B. A. and the Ladies Aid Society, and was held in high esteem by her many friends.

Mrs. Stouffer's Funeral.
The funeral of Mrs. Mary A. Stouffer took place yesterday afternoon from her home in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Stouffer died Friday afternoon and was the widow of Benjamin Stouffer. She was 55 years old and before her marriage was Miss Mary A. Farrell. She was known in Mount Pleasant.

William H. McConnell.
William Henry McConnell, 62 years old, a brother of Joseph McConnell of Johnston avenue, died Saturday at the residence of his son, Henry I. McConnell in Pittsburgh. Funeral services were held this afternoon from the Tabernacle Presbyterian church.

Fred Krause's Funeral.
The funeral of Fred Krause took place from the family residence at Broad Ford yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and from the German St. John's Lutheran Church at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. George Diez officiated. The Connellsville Lodge of Moose attended, and six pallbearers were chosen from the order. Interment in Hill Grove cemetery.

Mrs. David Bueck.
The funeral of Mrs. Anna Davin took place yesterday morning at 10 o'clock from St. Vincent de Paul's church at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father J. J. Greaney officiating. Interment in St. Vincent's de Paul's cemetery.

John M. Cochran's Funeral.
The body of John M. Cochran of Lexington, Ky., arrived at Dawson this morning from Mississippi and was removed by funeral director W. H. Parikh to the Cochran Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church for services. Rev. H. A. Babin, the pastor, officiating. Services were held last evening from the home of a sister of the deceased, Mrs. C. W. McCune in McKeesport.

Privacy and Safety.
Many people are timid about their financial affairs. They desire positive safety and privacy in their money matters. It is the aim of this bank to render efficient safe service with all of that confidential privacy which makes business safe and secure. Please call and talk over your banking requirements. The Citizens National Bank, 138 Pittsburgh street.—Ad.

Her Arm Infected.
Della Mickey, 34 years old of Vanderhill, was admitted to the Cottage State Hospital Saturday for treatment of a slight infection of the arm.

Classified Advertisements.
Cost but one cent a word, and bring results. Try them.

THE THIRD WEEK OF THE SALE OF THE E. DUNN STOCK

Will be Marked by Special Offerings Throughout the Store That Should Appeal to All Who Practice Economy.

There are thousands of dollars worth of reliable merchandise here which we wish to close out and to this end are cutting former prices to the minimum. It will pay you to anticipate your wants for time to come, and fill them now when prices are at the lowest.

Herewith Are Sample Items on Sale This Week

BED SHEETS.
Double Bed Sheets, with three-inch hem, full size 81x90, seamless, good quality Muslin.
—Sale price 50c

BED SHEETS.
Bed Sheets, good quality Muslin, seamed, 72x90, ready for use.
—Sale price 55c

PILLOW CASES.
Full size Pillow Cases, 36x42, already hemmed, torn and ironed.
—Sale price 10c

BED SPREADS.
Fine Satin Quilts, full size, fine quality, in handsome patterns.
—Sale price \$3.95

APRON GINGHAMS.
Dresden Apron Gingham, fine quality in assorted checks and colors.
—Sale price 5c yard.

PERCALES.
Percales, standard quality, full 36 inches wide, light and dark colorings.
—Sale price 10c yard.

PRINTS.
Prints, full count, in sheetings and light and dark colorings.
—Sale price 5c yard.

TOWELING.
All Linen Crash, in half bleached and brown, good width.
—Sale price 9c yard.

TOWELS.
Turkish Towels, 17x36, hemmed, good weight.
—Sale price 10c each.

TOWELS.
Huck Towels, 16x35, hemmed with red borders.
—Sale price 3 for 25c.

CHAMBRAY.
Chambray, in plain blue, 28 inches wide, good quality.
—Sale price 6c yard.

LAWN.
Lawns, in plain colors, 27 inches wide, splendid for children's wear.
—Sale price 5c yard.

THE E. DUNN STORE—CUTHBERTSON & ROE
North Pittsburgh Street, Connellsville, Pa.



Stop In Today

And have your Glasses tightened and adjusted to proper position—a cult of this kind often saves your glasses from being broken—besides improving the usefulness of the glasses.

Make use of our Repair Department whenever anything is broken.

A. B. KURTZ,
JEWELER.

West Main Street.

Yough Ice Cream

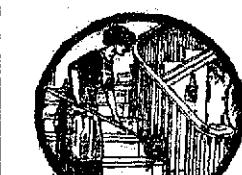
Pure and Wholesome

Orders for Any Quantity or Flavor Filled Promptly.

Give us a trial order today. We will guarantee satisfaction.

908—Both Phones—809

Yough Crystal Ice & Storage Co.
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.



SPECIAL PRICE

ON

O-Cedar Mops

\$1.00 Mop for.....70c
\$1.50 Mop for.....\$1.25

Just what you want for dusting, cleaning and polishing Furniture, Floors and other woodwork.

Fa-Da-Wa THE GREAT SILVER CLEANER
35c, 50c, 75c.

Dogs the work while you attend to other duties, and does it more thoroughly than you can in hours of rubbing and scrubbing.

Screen Doors and Windows

Stained Doors.	Window Screens.
2 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 8 in. \$1.00	16 in. high, extend to 32 in. 25c
2 ft. 10 in. x 6 ft. 10 in. \$1.00	18 in. high, extend to 33 in. 25c
3x7 feet \$1.25	24 in. high, extend to 33 in. 30c
2 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 8 in. \$1.50	30 in. high, extend to 37 in. 35c
2 ft. 10 in. x 6 ft. 10 in. \$1.75	30 in. high, extend to 45 in. 30c
3x7 feet \$1.85	Curtain Stretchers.
Complete hinge sets with all doors.	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.
	Folding Ironing Tables.
	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75.

LYDLEUM—To Clean Out. 2 yards wide, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25 the yard. Special Price 75c and \$1.00.

WALD, FARMER at Greatly Reduced Prices. Come and look it over. FRESH CANDY and CAKES Every Week.....10c lb.

ARTMAN'S

147-151 West Main St., Connellsville, Pa.

This Is Your Coupon.

COUPON NO. 1
COMPLETE \$2.50 VACUUM BOTTLE

Presented by The Daily Courier. Every day is a Vacuum Bottle Day.

For Old and Young—Rich and Poor.
Present the above Coupon at this office, with five others of consecutive numbers, and the cost amount of expense items named below and get this Simplex Vacuum Bottle.

\$2.50—VACUUM BOTTLE—\$2.50
Ready to use, all complete, including a handsome Nickel Cup attachment. Every bottle guaranteed to keep liquids hot 20 hours, and cold 24 hours. Strongest, most durable, most sanitary, most simple, lightest Vacuum and most economical Bottle made. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

RUBBER-TONED 98c ALL NICKEL \$1.13

FOR THE WORKINGMAN
SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE
LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

OLD LADY NUMBER 61 LOUISE FORSSLEND AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH" "THE SHIP OF DREAMS" ETC.

After some searching, Samuel found the pipe in Abe's hatbox underneath the old man's beaver, and produced from his own pocket a package of tobacco, whereupon the two sat down for a quiet smoke, Samuel chuckling to himself every now and again, and Abe modestly smoking from time to time to cover his bare legs with the skirt of his pink striped nightgown, not daring to reach for a blanket lest Samuel should call him names again. With the very first puff of his pipe, the light had come back into the invalid's eyes; with the second, the man's nose comically left his cheeks; and when he had pulled the tenth time on the pipe, he was ready to laugh at the sisters, who were now, and even himself.

"Hy-guy, but it's splendid to feel like a man again!"

The witch of Hawthorne's story never glared more fondly at her "Feather-top" than Samuel now gazed at Abraham pulling away on his pipe, but he determined that Abraham's fate should not be as poor "Feather-top's." Abe must remain a man.

"Now look a-here, Abe," he began after a while, laying his hand on the other's knee. "You know that you come put'nigh sittin' swamped in the big breakers? If I hadn't come along an' throwed out the lifeline, yew—"

"Sam!" interrupted the new Abraham, not without a touch of asperity. "Yew been these six month's a-leavin' me ter die of apron strings an' doctor's! Of course I didn't expect nuthin' o' yew when yew was just a bachelor, an' wad sort o' lost sight o' each other fer many year, but what yew got connectin' with the Him by marriage sorter—"

"Connected with the Him by marriage?" broke in Samuel with a snort of indignant protest. "Me!" Words failed him. He stared at Abe with burning eyes, but Abe only smiled sweetly.

"What yew an' Blissy begn at this time?"

"Now yew mean ter tell us, Abe. Rose, that yew didn't know that Aunt Nancy forbid Blissy the house 'cause she didn't go an' ask her permission ter sit apiece?"

"Oh, I forgot," he added. "Yew'd gone upstairs ter take a nap that day we come back from the minister's."

Abraham flushed. He did not care to recall Samuel's wedding day. He hesitated to ask the other what he had decided him and Blissy to come to-day and was informed that Miss Abigail had written to tell them that if she ever expected to see her "Brother Abe" alive again she must come over to Shoreville at the earliest possible moment.

"Then I says ter Blissy," concluded Captain Darby. "Yew says I, I feel better now that the old darkey Abe Rose. I'll kill him or cure him!"

I say, here, yew pipe out. Light up abin'!"

Abe struck the match with a trembling hand unheeded once more by the other who was to what might have happened had Samuel's treatment worked the other way.

I let Blissy and Aunt Nancy a-begun, an' a-begun ter tell us, Abe. Rose, that yew didn't know that Aunt Nancy forbid Blissy the house 'cause she didn't go an' ask her permission ter sit apiece?"

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"Nawthin' but Men fer a Hull Week, That's My Prescription."

CHAPTER XII.

Neither heard the door open nor saw any one standing on the threshold, but paralyzed with fear and amazement, thinking that she was witnessing the mad delirium of a dying man, until she called out her husband's name. At the sound of her frightened voice Abe stopped short and reached for the blanket with which to cover himself.

"Naw, don't get scared, mother, don't get scared," he assured her. "I'm all right in my head. Cap'n Sam'l here, he bring me some wotterful medicine, he—"

War Pictures Fresh From Mexico Tell Story of Bloody Battle of Zacatecas



1. DEAD SOLDIERS OF ZACATECAS 2. REBEL ARTILLERY AFTER FIRING CEASED ZACATECAS. PHOTOS BY AP ASSOCIATION

projected trip to the beach remained unfulfilled in spite of the fact that the South side, and the bay became first "accustomed" over with ice and then frozen so solid that all his usual craft disappeared, and the "scouters" took possession of the field.

Abe and Samuel held stubbornly to their reckless intentions, and the sisters, sharing Andy's anxiety, grew so restless almost to the point of active interference. They withheld nothing in the way of counsel, criticism, or admonition which could be offered.

"Now," said Mrs. Homan in her most commanding tones at the end of a final discussion in the big hall, on the evening before the date set for departure, of yew're bound, bent 'n' determined, Brother Abe, to run in the face of Providence, yew want yim mind one thing an' want yer best set of fannels, yew want—"

"Ketchin' ter halt no danger of jes ketchin' cold," declared Abe.

"I didn't say yew thickest set of fannels, I said yew best. When a man gets throwed out into the ice ketchin' the thickness of his clothes ain't goin' to help him much. The first thing I s'pose taught my husband was to have everything clean an' whole on, when that was any likelihood of a sudden death."

"Yew want me ter go an' drink up fer a sudden death?" thundered Abraham. "I hadn't never heard tell of a scouters a-killin' nobody yet. It's them plagued footsies up abin' what—"

"That's all very well," persisted Mrs. Homan not to be diverted from her subject, "but when old Doctor Billings got run over by the train at Mastle Creek on Fourth of July eight year ago, his wife told me with her own lips that she never would get over it, 'cause he had his hull big toe stickin' out o' the end of his stockin'! I tell yew, these days o' yew got ter prepare fer a violent end."

The patient Andy somewhat tartly retorted, that during the last week she had spent even more time upon his "wardrobe" than she had upon her own, while she inwardly rejoiced to think that for seven days to come—seven whole days—she and Andy would be free from the surveillance of the sisters.

Mrs. Homan, in no way nonplussed, boomed on.

"That, I most forgot about his necktie. 'Course, they don't dress up much at the station, but jest the same that air tie o' yours, Brother Abe, is a disgrace. I told yew yew'd s'pose it a wearin' it tow bed. Naw, I got a red an' green plaid tie belonged to my second stepson, Henry O. He never would 'n' died o' pneumonia, either, he had a-took my advice an' made him self a newspaper right on last time he substituted with the sisters. An' yew kin have that necktie jest as well as not. Naw, don't say a word, I'm better able to part with it 'n' yew be not to take it."

No one ever attempted the fruitless task of stopping Mrs. Homan once fully launched, but when at last she permitted her back to rest against her chair folding her arms with the manner of one who makes a sacrifice in a worthy cause, Abe broke into an explosive protest.

If any one fretted him in his home, what fretful convalescence, it was this grander member of the household, who since Blissy's marriage hid an

deavored to fill the vacant post of "guardian angel." He spattered, rising to his feet. "I wouldn't wear a red an' green plaid tie to a col's funeral!"

"Then with a somewhat ungracious 'goodnight' to the company in general, he trudged across the hall and up the stairs, muttering something to himself about a 'passel of meddlers'."

Well-meaning Miss Abigail, who had been nodding half asleep, roused herself to call after him, and he paused unwillingly to heed.

"Naw, don't yew lose no sleep ter-night," she admonished, a worryin' about the change in yer vittles. "I told Cap'n Sam'l that hardluck an' s'ech like wouldn't never do fer yer own stomach, an' he promised me faithful he'd send some body ter the mainland every day fer milk."

"Ow, yew think I be a baby?"

"Whose Abraham?" turning on his heel, "I know now what makes my teeth so sore lately," murmuring to himself. "It's from this here errorer an' all these puddin' messes. They need hardenin', tew."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prodigal's Departure.

Abraham was up betimes in the morning to greet a day crisp and cold, yet with sufficient breezes stirring the overgrown in the yard outside to make him predict a speedy voyage.

The old man was nervous and excited, and in spite of his buoyant anticipations, somewhat oppressed, now that the day had actually come, with a sense of timidity and fear. Still he put on a bold face while Abigail fastened his refractory collar and tied his cravat.

This was neither Mrs. Homan's offering nor Abe's own old, faded tie, but a new black one which had mysteriously been thrust through the crack under the door during the night.

So, the last finishing touches having been put upon his toilet, and Andy having made ready by lamplight for her own trip, even before the old man was awake, there seemed nothing left to be done until the breakfast bell should ring.

Abe sat down, and looking hard at his open carpetbag wondered audibly if he had "forgot'thin' in." The last time they two had packed Abe's wardrobe for a visit to Black Hill had been many years ago, when Samuel Darby, though somewhat Abe's junior, was keeper of the life-saving station, and Abe was to be gone for a whole season's duty. Then all of his possessions had been stowed in a long, box-steps-like canvas bag for the short voyage.

Both Andy and her husband realized that time now—the occasion of their first, and almost of their last, real separation.

"A week'll pass in no time," murmured Andy very quickly, with a catch in her voice. "Lookin' ahead, though, seven days seems awful long when yer old; but—Ow, law, yew, a week'll pass in no time," she repeated. "Only dew be keertful, Abe, an' don't take cold."

She perched herself on her little horsehair trunk which she had packed to take to Blissy's, looking in her time-worn silk gown like a rusty blackbird, and, like a bird, she bent her head first to one side and then

According to the arrangement, Captain Darby was to drive over from Twin Coves with his hired man, and Eiza after taking the two old men to the bay was to return to the Home for Andy and her little trunk.

When Samuel drove up to the front door he found Abe pacing the porch, his coat collar turned up about his neck, his shabby fur cap pulled over his brow, his carpetbag on the step, and, piled on the bench at the side of the door, an assortment of wadded articles fully six feet high, which afterward developed to be shawls, capes, hoods, comforters, wristlets, leggings, nightgowns, fashions, guernseys, blankets and coats.

Abe was fuming and indignant, scornful of the contributions, and vowing that though the sisters might regard a scouter as a freight, ocean liner he would carry nothing with him but what he wore and his carpetbag.

"An' right yer be," pronounced Samuel, with a glance at the laden porch and a shake of his head which said as plainly as words, "Brother, from what am I not delivering thee?"

The sisters came bustling out of the door, Mrs. Homan in the lead, Andy submerged in the crowd, and from that moment there was such a fuss, so much excitement, so many instructions and directions for the two adventures, that Abraham found himself in the carriage before he had kissed Andy good-by.

He had shaken hands, perhaps not altogether gracefully, with every one else even with the deaf-and-dumb gardener, who came out of his hiding place to witness the setting out. Being dared to by all the younger sisters, he had haggishly brushed his beard against Aunt Nancy Smith's cheek, and then he had taken his place beside Samuel without a touch or word of parting to his wife.

He turned in his seat to wave to the group on the porch, his eyes resting in a sudden bunker upon Abigail's frail, slender figure, as he remembered she knew that he had forgotten in the flurry of his leave-taking, and she would have hastened down the steps to stop the carriage, but all the old ladies were there to see, and she simply stood, and gazed at the vehicle as it rolled away slowly behind the fog test of Samuel's safe old calico house. She stood and looked, holding her chin very high, and trying to check its unsteadiness.

A sense of loneliness and desolation fell over the Home. Place by place the sisters put away all the clothing they had offered in vain to Abe. They said that the house was already dull without his presence. Miss Abigail began to plan what she should have for dinner the day of his return.

No one seemed to notice Andy. She felt that her own departure would create scarcely a stir, for, without Abraham, she was only one of a group of poor old women in a semi-charity home.

Slowly she started up the stairs for her bonnet and the old brooch shawl. When she reached the landing, where lay the knitted mat of the three-year-old pattern called up to her in tragic tones.

Andy Rose, I just thought of it. He never kissed yew good-by."

Andy turned, her small, slender feet sinking deep into one of the woolly stars, her slim figure enfolded by the light from the upper hall window. She saw a dozen faces uplifted to her, and she answered with quiet dignity.

Abe wouldn't think of kissin' me afore folks."

Then quickly she turned again, and went to her room—their room—where she seated herself at the window, and pressed her hand against her heart, which hurt with a now, strange, unfamiliar pain, a pain that she could not have shown "afore folks."

CHAPTER XIV.

Cutting the Apron Strings.

The usual hardy pleasure seekers that gathered at the foot of Shore Lane whenever the bay becomes a field of ice and a field of sport as well were there to see the old men arrive, and as they stepped out of the carriage there came forward from among the group gathered about the fire on the beach the editor of the Shoreville Herald.

Ever since his entrance into the Old Ladies' home Abe had never stopped chaffing in secret over the fact that until he died, and no doubt received worthy obituary, he might never again "have his name in the paper."

In former days the successive editors of the local sheet had been willing, nay, eager, to chronicle his doings and Andy's, whether Abe's old enemy, rheumatism, won a new victory over him or Andy's second cousin Ruth came from Roverhead to spend the day, or—wonder indeed to relate!—the old man mended his roof or painted the front fence. No matter what happened of consequence to Captain and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Editor had always been zealous to retail the news—before the auctioneers' sale of their household effects marked the death of the old couple, and of Abe especially, to the social world of Shoreville. What man would care to read his name between the lines of such a news item as this?

The Old Ladies' Home is making preparations for a quiet winter. Donations of worried, cotton button and linings will be gratefully received.

Mr. Editor touched his cap to the two old men. He was a keen-faced, boyish little man with a laugh bigger than himself but he always wore a worried air the day before his paper, a week's, went to press, and he wore that worried look now. Touching his hand to his fur cap, he informed Samuel and Abe that news was as scarce as hen's teeth, then added:

"What's (long?)"

"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'," hastily replied Samuel, who believed that he hated publicity, as he gave Abe's foot

a sly kick. "We was jest a-gwine ter take a leetle scooter sail." He adjusted the skirt of his coat in an effort to hide Abe's carpetbag, his own canvas satchel, and a huge market basket of good things which Blissy had cooked for the life-savers. "Seen an' think of that air Eph Seaman?" Samuel added, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out upon the gleaming surface of the bay, over which the white sails of scooters were darting like a flock of huge, single-winged birds.

Eph's racing with Captain Bill Green" replied the newspaper man. "Captain Bill's got an extra set of new runners, at the side of his scooter and wants to test them. Say, boys, looking from one to the other of the old fellows, so yew're going scooter-ing eh? Lively sport! Cold kind of sport for men of yew age. Do yew know, I've a good mind to run in tomorrow an article on 'Long Island and Longevity.' Taking headlines, eh? Captain Rose," turning to Abe, Samuel would do no more than gloat at him, "to what do yew attribute your good health at your time of life?"

Abe grinned all over his face and cleared his throat importantly, but before he could answer, Samuel growled:

"Ter me! His health an' his life both I dragged him up out of a death-bed only a week ago."

The editor took out his notebook and began scribbling.

"Wint brought yim so low, Captain Rose?" he inquired without glancing up. Again, before Abe could answer, Samuel trod on his toe.

"Thirty mollycoddling women-folks," Abe found his voice and slammed the fist of one hand against the palm of the other.

"If yew go an' put that in the paper, I'll—"

Words failed him. He could see the sisters fairly fighting for the possession of the Shoreville Herald tomorrow, exclaiming, as they always exclaimed, each for the first place at the only game taken at the home, and he could hear one reading his name aloud—reading of the black ingratitude of their brother member.

"Jest say," he added eagerly, "that the time fer old folks ter stick home, under the cellar door has passed, an' nobody is tew old ter go a-gallivantin' nowadays. An' then yew might mention—the old man's face was shining now as he imagined Andy's pleasure—that Miss Rose is gone down ter Twin Coves ter visit Miss Samuel Darby fer a week, an' Cap'n Darby an' Cap'n Abraham Rose," his breast swelling out, "is a goin' ter spend a week at Black Hill. Ther, hain't that Cap'n Eph a-scootin' in now?"

I guess them air new runners o' Bill Green's didn't work. He hain't nowhere in sight. He—"

Let's be a-gwine, Abe," interrupted Samuel, and leaving the editor still scribbling, he led the way down the bank with a determined stride, his market basket in one hand, his gip in the other, and his lips muttering that "a feller couldn't dew nuthin' in Shoreville without gettin' his name in the paper." But a moment later, when the two were walking glacially over the ice to the spot where Eph had drawn his scooter to a standstill, Samuel fell into a self-congratulatory chuckle.

"He didn't find out, though, that I had my reasons fer leavin' home tew. Women-folks, be it only one, hain't good all the time fer nobody. I come ter see Blissy twit a year afore we was married, raglar, an' now, I calculate ter leave her twit a year fer a spell. A week once every six months separate an' apart," proceeded the recently made benedict, "is what makes a man an' his wife learn how ter put up with one another in between times."

"Why, me an' Andy," began Abe, "have lived together year in an' year out fer—"

"All aboard!" interrupted Captain Eph with a shout. "It's a fair wind I bet on making it in five minutes and fifty seconds."

Seven minutes had been the record time for the five-mile sail over the ice to Black Hill, but Samuel and Abe, both vowing delightedly that the skipper couldn't go too fast for them, stepped into the body of the boat and squatted down on the hard boards.

They grinned at each other as the scooters started, and Eph jumped aboard—grinned and waved to the people on the shore, their proud old thoughts crying:

"I guess folks will see now that we're as young as we ever was!"

They continued to grin as the boat spun into full flight and went whizzing over the ice, whizzing and bumping and bounding. Both their faces grew red, their two pairs of eyes began to water, their teeth began to chatter; but Samuel shouted at the top of his voice in defiance of the gale:

"Abe we're cut the apron strings!"

"Hy-guy!" Abe shouted in return, his heart flying as fast as the sail, back to youth and manhood again, back to truant days and the vacation time of boyhood. "Hy-guy, Sam'l! Hain't we a-gwine ter have a raglar A No 1 spree?"

(To Be Continued.)

The Old Style.

No, this is not Capertown: Koom contain the vintop sands And then tank band? Kroomd have been here and here. The old style was here.

Nor is it the song of a boy scout who is imitating the howl of the hedgehog and at the same time whistling between his teeth. No. It is Shakespeare's lyric, come into these yellow sands," etc., as rewritten after the Elizabethan style.—London Globe

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.

